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ESCORT

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DUNDEE UNTIED!
bonny and bare



NEAREST AND NUDEST
next door naked



NOTE-ORIOUS!
those readers' letters





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ESCORT



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Escort Letters

Meanwhile

behind the scenes

SIAN 37-26-38

photos by Eddie Tinker

Sized Up!

interview by James Ross

Do It Yourself

it's all your own work

ROSIE 40-27-38

photos by Jim Gordon

Roll Play

fiction by Chandler MacDonald

CAROLYN 34-22-35

photos by Nick Gorgol

TAZU 33-24-36

photos by Gerry Dillon

THE GIRLS OF DUNDEE

photos by Nick Gorgol

Show Us Yours

readers, wives, and friends

My Sexual Fantasy

CLAUDIA 34-23-36

photos by Eric Wilkins

Escort Classified

LOLA 41-28-42

photos by Thomas Mann

Coming Next Month?

...get Escort and make sure

Covergirl: Victoria is from Nottingham where the girls prove livelier than the average, and this 36-24-37-year-old is no exception. She tells us she does sewing quietly at home as a bit of life relief to her "robust" life-style: "The pub where I work is a bit lively, specially on Friday night. Sometimes I don't get home till Monday."

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DUNDEE UNTIED!
bonny and bare



NEAREST AND NUDEST
next door naked



NOTE-ORIOUS!
those readers' letters

readers' letters

Tell us all about it!... and if you send photos with your letter, we'll pay you £20 for each one we print. Write to Escort, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Shipmate

First, from my new wife, Suzy and myself, thanks for printing her photos in Vol.12 No.5. We had asked you to print them, if possible, before our wedding on April 25th, and there they were in the issue we had bought on the Tuesday! **It was a great turn on for both of us, knowing all our guests had seen Suzy nude in your magazine just days before they watched her say 'I do'.** As I said in my last letter, I have just joined my ship, H.M.S.B. for a six month deployment, East of Suez and as yours is the favourite mag down our (and most other mess decks), it's great for me to be able to look at my wife nude in public without anyone else knowing the wiser.

I'm hoping your will be able to publish these photos before December, when I return as Suzy is going to send Escort out to me monthly and I'd love to be able to wank over her photos in your mag, anticipat-

ing our sexy re-union.

These photos were taken on our honeymoon at a farm in Dartmoor, where we stayed for a week. Unknown to me, as soon as we arrived Suzy had given the farmer a sob story about us only having our honeymoon together before I had to join my ship, and would they mind if I took some nude photos of her around the farm. They were very understanding and when I came down from putting our luggage in our room, there was Suzy totally relaxed, chatting away to them both wearing just her stockings and suspenders.

As you know from previous letters and photos, Suzy loves being nude on Dartmoor (or anywhere else), and doing her aerobics routine in the sun.

From that day on she hardly ever wore anything (except for her sexy underwear), and **our honeymoon was a non-stop glorious saga of sex, photos and more sex in the open air.**

We'd like to thank our



host and hostess, they'll know who they are, and again to thank you for printing Suzy's wedding photos.

We hope you can publish these sexy photos of my lovely wife, to remind



Toot flash

Please, please, could you put these photos of my wife, Tracey, in your brilliant magazine.

I like to drive my wife down the motorway, so she can flash her cunt at the lorry drivers. I drive alongside a lorry and stay



us both of a wonderful honeymoon, and to keep me hard over the next six months. B., Devon.

...and congratulations from us! xxJ

with him for a couple of minutes whilst Tracey fingers herself. **Her cunt gets so sopping wet knowing that someone else is looking at it.** They certainly get a thrill by see-





randy truckers.

My wife's fantasy is for her photos to be published in your magazine, **it will surely make her sopping wet, and lead to a great sex session when she sees them!**

I think my wife's other fantasy is to have another man with me fucking her sopping wet cunt, and then another man wanking over her tits. A., *Glos.*

Two man

I would just like to say how much I enjoy reading the magazine, and I'd like to tell you of a little adventure I had recently.

My husband had been suggesting for some time that he'd like to see me in bed with another man, and had asked if I knew anybody who would be likely to want to do this. I told him of a guy at work who kept trying to chat me up, and had made it very clear he wanted more than just a dinner

date, so hubby and I agreed to chat the guy up to see what transpired. At work, I asked Paul (the prospective stud) to lunch and as usual, he started with the suggestive comments and remarks. **I cut him short and simply asked him outright how he would feel about fucking me with my husband watching.** As I did so, I put my hand on his rapidly appearing bulge and squeezed tightly. He went

bright red, but he held my hand and agreed to my request! I don't know who was more shocked! I couldn't think straight for a few minutes, but finally we agreed on 7 p.m.

At home, I dressed in black stockings, suspenders, bra, panties with black leather skirt and black blouse, plus black high heels – very tarty!

Paul arrived and I introduced him to Alan. They seemed to get on well, so

ing her bald pussy.

They flash their lights and toot their horns when we've gone past them. The thought of them wanking themselves over her cunt is so exciting, we thought we'd give a few thousand *Escort* readers the pleasure of it.

We hope her cunt lips are recognised by those



the drinks flowed and the chat continued, getting more suggestive as time went on until Paul and I took our leave and went upstairs. Paul was trembling and there was sweat on his brow, but once in the bedroom we kissed deeply and Paul's hands caressed my tits through my blouse, and slid one



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M E A N W H I L E



Teaching Your Grannie To Suck Eggs Sort Of Dept:

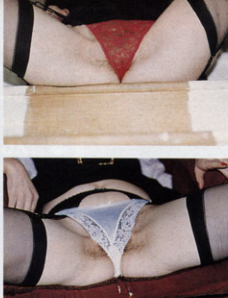
Sometimes even the clearest instructions (bend your knees, open your thighs, grab your crotch) do not convey the exact pose the photoguy have conceptualised and he has to convey his meaning with body language. Of course the enormous money photographers get, not to mention the job satisfaction, compensates them slightly for having to look a bit silly.

Men? Dept: We didnt run into (or over) as many men in Dundee as we are used to - where were ya? - but here were two: the big back in the blue shirt wanted to take his own snap of Fiona and was only willing to appear in *Escorts* from behind for fear of his wife who is not a typical *Escort* reader; and the comfortable blond bloke whose only worry in the world was that the girls were blocking our view of his car.



Would You Believe It Dept:

You know how sometimes we take snaps of the local women against things with the town name on like shop signs, lorries, etc? Well sometimes the shop or lorry also has a telephone number on and almost unbelievably lots of readers phone up this number - or perhaps its one reader phoning up a lot? - expecting to speak to the model! It seems these readers think the women are still outside posing with their tops off! Er fellas...by the time we publish the pics the girls have gone home. Sorry!



Parts Dept: A.H. from Bristol is fixated upon (and possibly at this moment fixed to) the underside of his girlfriend called Lady (which is her name not her status) because he has sent us lots and lots of snaps of this aspect of her and here are some. He may admire her sparkling intelligence or her extraordinary understanding nature of course but have not sent us pics of these.



Local Talent Dept: We were amazed by the nimble way our models tackled this wire fence and in high heels too: "We used to skip out of school like this," they told us, "and climb out of our back gardens when we were supposed to be in bed and back in after - you get used to doing it even in a tight party dress."



Vegetable Plot Dept: "Dear Escort" it says here, "my wife Stephanie has recently started attending night classes for painting, now nothing in the house is safe. There's bloody art all over the walls and on every flat surface. Not content with that, she grew this funny-shaped root vegetable and got to work on that. Should I hide her brush or contact the Tate? Yours, Paul from Nottingham." Well Paul, I should give your wife your full support for her creativity while keeping your own funny-shaped root vegetable tucked well away from her paint-pot...and check your soil structure for I am sure I detect signs of club root. xxxxxxxxxxxxJ

readers' letters

continued from page 9



hand up my skirt and fondled my now damp knickers. He removed my clothing down to stockings, suspenders and high heels, and then I started on him. No messing about – straight for the zipper, and out popped this beautiful thick cock, already damp on the tip. I licked off the dribble of spunk, then closed my lips around his red bulb and caressed his hairy balls. He held my head and began to thrust in and out of my mouth. I heard footsteps on the landing and then Alan crept in, mouth agape and with a terrific hard-on inside his trousers. I stopped sucking Paul and lay on the bed with my legs parted. He knelt in front and began licking my cunt, then put two fingers inside me at the same time. I was very wet and Paul began poking his tongue up my hole to get at the juice. Paul then got me on all fours and standing behind me pressed his tool against my fanny. It slid in easily, right up to the hilt. I gasped as his balls slapped against my cunt, and he leant over me and gripped my tits, pulling on my erect nipples. We humped like this while Alan watched, and wanked his own knob.

Paul pulled out and turned me on my back. We 69'd with Paul on top, and his tool was wet with my

juice. He was going to come so I gripped his balls and pressed his arse to get his cock right down my throat. I felt myself coming and writhing wildly on the bed we came together. Paul's thick hot spunk in my mouth, his tongue and fingers right up my cunt.

Alan came over to the bedside and wanking furiously shot his load all over Paul's balls and my mouth.

We all lay there regaining our breath, then Alan kissed me gently and said it was the best experience he'd ever known. Alan then went to bed, leaving Paul and I to enjoy what was left of the evening. I sucked his fat knob back to life, and the fucking continued until the early hours in all conceivable positions. I'm sure we must have woken the neighbours with or grunts and groans.

Paul is now a regular visitor and even plays golf with Alan. I think it's great – I now have two men to cater for my sexual needs, and have finally fulfilled my most secret fantasy – roll on next Sunday!

The photos I have enclosed were taken before Paul's last visit – he liked them, and I hope your readers do too! D., Berkshire.

Top decker

Here's a snap of my wife

Celia. She is 45 years old and measures 34-26-35. Celia works as a bus cleaner at a large depot near home and has several young YTS lads working with her. She always finds time to give them a nice flash of tightly-knickered bum.

One evening, Alan, a lad just turned 18 was being rather more persistent and kept following my wife as she climbed the stairs to check the upper decks. She noticed he would appear at the stairs and take crafty peeks up her skirt. Celia was flattered that this young lad found her attractive and decided to give him a sexy show. Bending and stretching she exposed more and more nylon-covered thigh and eventually her dress ended up bunched around her waist as Alan had thrown caution to the wind and had taken his erection out and started wanking himself.

Celia turned around and pretended to be surprised and disgusted with him.

Alan was so flustered he didn't know what to do. His face was beetroot in colour and his embarrassment worsened when his erection just wouldn't be pushed back into his overalls. Celia slowly climbed down the stairs and grabbed Alan by the collar. She marched him out to another double decker where two women cleaners were. Celia told the women what she had caught Alan doing and they cracked up laughing and called him a peeping Tom. The women grabbed Alan's hands and pulled them away from his crutch, exposing his still very erect cock. Agnes decided they should teach him a lesson and sat him down on a seat. Agnes was on one side of him, June on the other and my wife in front.

Celia raised her skirt and revealed her undies for Alan's gaze and Agnes wrapped her hand around his erection and began to pump him steadily. My wife turned around and stuck



continued on page 32

Siân



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Sian, 37-26-38, 25, North Wales. Sian and her hubs took these when they were on holiday in Greece. "I wouldn't have done it at home," she told us, "but all that hot sun, wine, and sleepy afternoons does things to my sex-drive!"



"sized up"

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'Ken and I have been married long enough to know that variety is the spice of life,' says Jill.

'We don't involve anybody else in our activities unless you count the occasional audience we've noticed when we're having a bit of naughties in the Great Outdoors, or the guys I've flashed at after a few vodkas. I suppose you could say we're uninhibited, but we're definitely not swingers, and I haven't screwed anybody else since we were married. As far as I know the same goes for my husband, but that doesn't mean we don't have our own secret little fantasies – or big ones, in my case. They're not really secret anyway, because it's more fun if you share them, isn't it? It wouldn't be the first time I've drooled over an *Escort* model's pussy and said how much I'd like to lick it – which is Ken's fantasy. I hasten to add – and by the same token, we sometimes take a vibrator to bed with us so I can pretend I'm having a different sort of threesome. Since the vibe is bigger than Ken's cock, this particular situation kills two birds with one stone for me, although I never mentioned that part of it to him for obvious reasons. As it happens I didn't need to, because he caught me with my pants well and truly down one night!'

'We'd already wanked each other off while we watched a video earlier in the evening, but I was still feeling fruity, partly because I'd noticed in it a cock that must have been half as big again as Ken's. The girl was stretching herself open to take it, but it was still bending slightly in the middle, and I wasn't even sure it was completely hard. Like a lot of women, I'm not usually turned on by things I see, but this was different. This happened to be my secret little fantasy, and with my husband safely tucked up in bed, I went a bit ga-ga.'

'The girl in the film was completely naked, and I felt like being the same. I tore my clothes off, then I settled back in the reclining armchair and started stroking myself all over with my vibrator. Really I was just teasing myself, because there's only one place it does anything for me, and even when I put it right on my clitoris it only seems to tickle unless I move it around as well. So it wasn't very long before its tip was between the lips of my pussy and I was preparing for take-off. Normally I'd ease myself open for it, but I was already pretty squishy and I knew it would more or less slide straight in, so I just gripped it with both hands and pushed while I stared at the massive cock on the screen and pretended that's what was being forced up me. There was a bit of resistance at first, and I gritted my teeth and pushed harder, tensing my muscles to heighten the sensation and make it last as long as possible. I managed to keep myself tight for the first inch or two, but then my co-ordi-

nation went to pot and I forgot to stop pushing as I relaxed and prepared for another clench. Up it went with a whoosh, and I let out a wail and lay there trembling while I listened for Ken's footsteps on the stairs.'

'Apart from the subdued humming inside me, everything was quiet, and I slowly started shafting myself. My eyelids closed, and I had to keep forcing them apart because no matter how hard I tried, I simply couldn't retain the image of that enormous cock in my mind and I had to constantly remind myself what it looked like. The only way I could begin to imagine what it felt like was to ram myself with the vibrator, and I had my knees up with both arms pumping furiously between my thighs when you-know-who walked in. I froze in horror, and Ken looked at the television and frowned thoughtfully. His cock sprang out from his dressing gown, and he smiled and sat in the other armchair to watch me. For a while I couldn't move, but he didn't seem to be offended, and he'd already started wanking himself. Sod it, I thought, if he doesn't mind, I certainly don't! A tentative thrust or several, and I was away again.'

The only way I could begin to imagine what it felt like was to ram myself with the vibrator, and I had my knees up with both arms pumping furiously between my thighs

'It gradually became more and more difficult to keep my eyes open, and when I dragged my lids apart for a final blimp as I felt the first tremor, I found Ken standing beside me. I knew what he was going to do, and I gasped that I was almost there so that he'd have time to do it. His hand moved faster on his cock, and the first hot blob splashed on my stomach just as I snapped my legs together and started shuddering. Bearing in mind he'd already shot his lot once that evening, I was surprised how much of it there was when I finally sighed and eased the sticky vibrator out of my pussy – there was a puddle of it in my navel and a big blob on my hip that I only just managed to stop with my hand as it slithered down towards the cushion, which already had a damp stain on it that I'd contributed. Ken gave me some tissues to clean most of it off, and by the time I'd had a shower and finished the job he was fast asleep in bed. I expected him to say something about it the next morning, but he didn't mention it at all, which was slightly ominous because we always talk about things like that. I assumed he'd just shrugged it off and forgotten about it, but he hadn't.'

'A couple of nights later we were having a fairly conventional screw in bed. I'd been a bit hesitant about involving the vibrator in the action

because I didn't want to remind him about the last time I used it, but it didn't seem to bother him in the slightest. He brought the subject up himself when we were on our sides facing each other with my legs wrapped around him while I rubbed my clitoris and the root of his cock with it, and I shook my head and refused to discuss it. He pulled out and took the vibrator off me, then he slipped it under my bottom and rammed it up my pussy from behind, and I gasped as he began to shaft me really hard with it. Much to my relief, he'd reverted to my other fantasy about two men, and I gratefully wrapped my hand around his slippery tool and wanked him while I made the mental adjustment. After a couple of minutes he pulled the vibrator out and put himself back in while I licked the goo off it, which was something he liked me to do although I wasn't all that keen. It wasn't so much the taste of my own pussy I minded, but the fact that it was difficult to pretend the smooth plastic against my tongue was another cock, and I was pleased when it was back where it belonged and I had a real one in my hand again.'

'I sometimes took over with the vibrator while I sucked him off, but that would have been a little too close to my other fantasy for comfort, and he didn't seem to want that anyway. As the gadget buzzed and squished inside me, it began to dawn on me that he wasn't even giving me a straightforward shafting with it. He was wiggling it around and twisting it backwards and forwards, and my pussy was responding by expanding and lubricating even more – which is saying something, because I was already dribbling. Then I felt him easing a finger up me alongside it, and I realised he was trying to find out just how much I could take. Another finger and I was really starting to stretch, but pussies are very adaptable, aren't they? I heard him mutter something under his breath that sounded like 'fucking hell', and then he pulled everything out and rolled me onto my stomach. The next thing I know he's lying on top of me with one hand underneath me, and there's a traffic jam in my pussy as he tries to get both his cock and the vibrator up me. It was his idea, and I wasn't going to cry uncle if I could help it. I got a two-handed grip of the duvet and a mouthful of pillow, and silently challenged him with a little wiggle of my bottom. I think I'd accommodated his entire length as well as half a vibrator when I sobbed at him that I couldn't take any more, and he stopped pushing and just lay there. I did the same, hardly daring to breathe because I felt as if I was going to burst. My pussy was so tightly packed that I could feel every little twitch of his cock, and the vibrator was still humming merrily away alongside it and doing as much for

D.I.Y

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Dave from the West Midlands says: "As you can see, my wife Alison is a little shy - in some ways! She's 23, 34-26-32, and loves the feeling of fresh air against her pussy, but her greatest passion is for long, deep fucking sessions which leave her body aching and exhausted, and she fantasises about taking on two or three men at once, and would love to have a woman in our bed." Just yer typical Escort reader then...

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him as it was doing for me – although I didn't realise that until a more powerful twitch made me squeal.

'The next twitch was a full-blooded jerk, and he gave me a couple of thrusts and started spurting inside me. I screamed at him to pull out because I was coming too and it felt as if I might cross the line between agony and ecstasy, and as he yanked himself free my pussy seemed to suck the rest of the vibrator in to replace it. I snapped my legs together to help keep it in place while I juddered, and there was a hot splash on my bottom as Ken's bucking cock slid around looking for a home and finally pressed itself between the softness of my thighs. It was a hell of a climax, and not just for me. For the second time that week I had to stay where I was while Ken fetched some tissues to wipe spunk off me, and there seemed to be more than ever, even though some of it was inside me. I was lying there trembling with relief and gasping for breath when I realised something that made my stomach churn. It was the sort of feeling you get when you remember exactly what you called the boss after drinking too much at the firm's Christmas party, except that in this case all I'd said was 'Yes'. The trouble was, the question I was answering while I squirmed deliriously around with Ken on top of me was whether I really fancied a big cock.

'Yet again he seemed to have forgotten about it, and I put it down to careless talk in the heat of the moment and pretended it hadn't happened. A week or so later I went out on a Hen Night with some girls from work, and I came home knickerless and thoroughly pissed – I wasn't the only one who got carried away and threw her panties at a well-hung stripper, but that's another story. All in all, I was feeling bloody horny, and finding myself the only woman in a room full of men didn't do anything to calm me down. Ken had decided to have a few mates round for a drink while I was out, and since the TV was

switched off the moment I appeared, I had a shrewd idea of what they'd been watching. It seemed like a good idea at the time to give them something else to look at, and I went into my flashing routine. At first it was just the tops of my stockings as I crossed my legs, but I got carried away again and sat on the floor with my knees up. Ken's weren't the only eyes that nearly popped out at the sight of my hairy crotch, and the rest of the lads started chanting for me to do a proper strip.

'I was pissed enough to do it, too. Completely ignoring the dirty looks from my husband, I put on some music and started dancing around while I took my clothes off in time to it. Off came my blouse and bra, and my tits got groped as I jiggled a little too close to one or two members of my audience. It was only when I slid my skirt down and stepped out of it that I remembered I didn't have anything else to take off apart from my stockings and suspenders, and I charged out of the room to a chorus of cheers. But my husband wasn't cheering, and it began to seep into my befuddled brain that I'd gone too far this time. I threw myself on the bed and lay there waiting for the explosion, but when Ken finally appeared he didn't seem to be as annoyed about it as I thought – in fact, it looked as if I was in for a treat, because he told me I deserved a good spanking and dragged me down the bed until I halfway off it and kneeling on the floor with my bum in the air. I wiggled encouragement at him, and he gave me a little slap, but that wasn't what he had in mind at all.

'He eased my thighs apart and began to finger me, working it in and out of my oozing slot and adding another and another until I seemed to have most of his hand up me. Still reaming and stretching me, he leaned forward and whispered something to me that made my pussy clench. So I wanted a big cock, did I? Well, it so happened that one of the guys downstairs had the biggest one in town, and I was going to get it! If I'd been sober I would have said it was only a fantasy and I didn't really want anything like that, but I wasn't thinking straight and he didn't need me to tell him what I thought about the idea because my pussy was doing the talking. At the time, I'm not even sure I believed one of his mates had a king-size portion, let alone that he was going to let me sample it. I probably thought it was just another of our games, where we say things just to turn each other on, but I can't be certain because of the state I was in.

'I began to take him a little more seriously when he fetched a tube of lubricating gel that didn't get used very often and slapped a generous dollop of the stuff in my pussy, which was already flooded with the real thing. He worked it into me with his fingers, twisting his wrist and thrusting

at me while I squirmed and shoved myself out at him for more, and there was a slurp as he did precisely the opposite and pulled his fingers right out. I snarled something at him about teasing me, and he chuckled that he wasn't doing anything of the sort. I didn't hear his zip being undone, but I suddenly had both his hands under my cheeks and stretching my pussy wider as his knob slid between them and went all the way up me without a pause. The sucking and squelching sounds when he began to hump at me were totally obscene, and there was hardly any friction at all until he eased his fingertips into me as well. Then he started shafting me in earnest, slamming against my cheeks and damned nearly making my pussy foam. At that point I must have decided he was only winding me up with that story about his friend downstairs, because I remember trying to get a hand down to my clitoris. A straight-forward fuck would probably make me come eventually despite the lack of friction, but he was going at me hammer and tongs, and he was obviously going to beat me to it if I didn't have some help.

'He pushed my hand away and growled at me not to try it again, and I slumped forward onto the bed and knelt there groaning while he banged away at me. I knew what he was up to now – he was so annoyed about my strip routine in front of his mates that he was going to get his own rocks off and leave me up in the air. Two could play at that game, I told myself. There was nothing to stop me frigging myself to a finish while he washed his cock and made the bedtime cocoa, was there? Now that I think about it, there was an obvious flaw in my reasoning, because I didn't need all that reaming and stretching to take his standard length and I certainly didn't need the artificial lubrication on top of it. But that didn't occur to me, and I tried to forget all the bullshit about outside cocks while I concentrated on what I was getting, which was pretty good in its own right. By the time he made me even more slippery with what felt like a very generous helping of spunk, I wasn't all that far off coming myself.

'I tried to keep still as he squished out of me, but it was almost impossible, and he shoved my hand away again as it made for my drooling pussy. I promised you a big cock, and that's what you're getting, he says. Was he serious, or was he just saying it to stop me finishing myself off? I simply couldn't be sure, but he was certainly behaving as if he meant it. He told me to stay right where I was and not to spoil it by touching myself, and then he zipped himself up, switched the light off, and left. The suspense was unbearable, and being completely in the dark in every sense only seemed to heighten the tension.

We'd already wanked each other off while we watched a video earlier in the evening, but I was still feeling fruity





he fetched a tube of lubricating gel that didn't get used very often and slapped a generous dollop of the stuff in my pussy, which was already flooded with the real thing

A couple of minutes that seemed like an hour passed, and I was beginning to suspect that I'd been right after all and it was all a joke at my expense. I gave it another minute or so, and I was just about to climb right onto the bed for a belated workout with my vibrator when the door opened. I didn't have the faintest idea who it was, because the landing light was off too, and all I could see was a dark shape. To be honest, I didn't much care. All I wanted was another fuck!

He knelt down behind me without so much as a by-your-leave, and something brushed my inner thigh and slid underneath me. Oh my God, I thought, desperately grabbing my pussy with both hands and stretching it wide. Ken wasn't kidding. An enormous knob nudged between my lips and wiggled around until it found the right place, and I had no time to check out the rest of it because it immediately started making headway and my pussy needed all the help it could get. That cock felt every bit as big as the one in the video, and if anything, it seemed to be even harder. The funny thing was that I don't recall wondering who owned it, but maybe I didn't have the time or the inclination to think about that either – he wasn't really a person to me, just a fantasy that had come to life. Slowly but surely it worked its way into me, sliding out a little way now and then before the next push, and I found myself with another mouthful of duvet as I looked for something to bite on. How much more of the damned thing was there? The answer was that there was more than I could take, and I finally panicked and shrieked at him to keep still.

'He stopped pushing and withdrew a little way, and I wiped my eyes and grabbed hold of the bedclothes in preparation for what would happen next. When he started moving, I thought the world was coming to an end. He seemed to penetrate a tiny bit further with every thrust, and it already felt as if it was giving me a heart massage. I assumed he'd adapted his technique to suit his equipment, because he didn't try to rush – if he had, they'd have heard me expressing my appreciation in the next street. He just kept pumping slowly and steadily at me, hardly making a sound apart from the oily purr of his cock, which I only heard when I stopped wailing for a moment or two and chewed the duvet. Somehow I was managing to stop myself telling him I was almost coming, probably because he might have speeded up, and I definitely didn't need that. Whether he sensed it or not I couldn't say, and it might not have been the deliberate torture it seemed to be at the time. He gave me an extra deep thrust that finally brought his thighs into contact with my bottom and nearly made me faint, and I sucked in a shuddering breath in preparation for the next one as he slowly drew back until only his knob was between my lips. It looked as if he was going to give me everything he had, and I already had my mouth open when he gave me an entirely different reason to scream by pulling right out and leaving me with a pussy that had never felt so empty.

'I think I became hysterical, but the more I babbled at him to put it back in, the longer he seemed to take. He was

stroking around the tops of my stockings and the inside of my thighs with it, leaving them smeared with goo and teasing me by shoving it right underneath me and wiggling it around in my bush. It actually prodded my navel, and for a moment I thought he'd tried to get it back up me and missed, but he pulled away when I reached down to help and started slapping my bottom with it. If he'd done that before he got it up me, I would never have believed I could take it, because it felt like a sawn-off broomstick! Down it went again, sliding over the softness of my thigh and onto my stocking, then it went back up and made me shiver as it prodded my gaping pussy before doing the same thing on the other side. Up it went on the return journey, and this time it did more than prod. His fingers scrambled at my lips and pulled them aside, his knob slipped between them, and he shoved it right up me.

'At one stage I'd thought Ken might have been in the room, but even if he'd been taking the dog for a walk he probably would have heard me – that single deep thrust had brought me off, and I literally saw stars. It was only for a few moments, and I was still shuddering when I returned to the land of the living and it registered that it hadn't been mutual. What that enormous slab of meat would have felt like if it had started jerking inside me while my pussy tightened around it didn't bear thinking about, but it hadn't. Whether it was eventually going to be another matter, because it had started sliding in and out of me again. When I'd finally notched up another agonising orgasm and my pussy was getting sore despite a further application of artificial lube, I was forced to beg him to stop. He pulled out without a word, then he gave me a few more slaps on the bottom with it as a parting gesture and left. It was only when I'd dragged my creaking body under the duvet and curled up without even taking my goo-smeared stockings and suspender belt off that I realised I didn't even know which one of my husband's friends had screwed me.

'Ken insisted on cross-examining me about it when he came to bed, despite the fact that I was totally shagged out in more ways than one. But he refused to tell me who it was, and I've been wondering about it ever since. It probably wouldn't occur to someone who's never seen a sex toys catalogue, but the thought crossed my mind that it might even have been my husband himself, teaching me a lesson with one of those bloody great cock extensions! I suppose it's possible, but if there's anything like that in the house, he's found a very good place to hide it.

I won't know for sure until he decides I need to be taught another lesson, so I'll just have to be patient and keep throwing hints, won't I? ●

ROSIE



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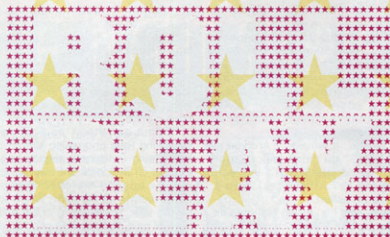
Rosie, 40-27-38, 22, Norfolk.
A return to Rosie – so nervous last time our photographer had to feed her several cups of sweet tea, but did the whole thing this time on one rum and coke. “I’m getting the hang of this,” she said, spreading her legs a bit wider and winking.



ROSIE

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"Fuck it," groaned Pete when we picked the girls up at the end of their shift. "They've changed out of their uniforms."

"Good," I said. "They wear tights to work."

"I know, but I don't mind that."

Anybody who assumed from this conversation that Pete had a thing about women in uniforms would be quite right – he's the only man I know who gets a hard-on when a lady traffic warden gives him a parking ticket. I'm not saying it's impossible for it to hap-

Lin obviously thought the orgiastic connotations of us all being in the same room gave me some sort of thrill!

pen to me, but you don't see many traffic wardens in the fishnet stockings, stiletto heels and mini-skirts it would take to overcome my delight at getting a ticket. You don't see many nurses in fishnet stockings, stiletto heels and mini-skirts for that matter, but Lin and Carol had gone most of the way.

"Oh shit," I trembled. "They're wearing fishnet stockings and stiletto heels!"

"Are they?" frowned Pete, peering hard.

"If you can't tell from here, you need your eyes tested," I informed him.

"You reckon so?" he said, brightening at the prospect of being examined by a lady in a white coat. Pete is the only man I know who likes going to the dentist – no prizes for guessing that his dentist is female, incidentally.

"Right," I said. "What's it to be, girls? Disco? Pub? Cinema?"

"You don't think we put this gear on to go to the pictures, do you?" scowled Carol. "Your place or ours?"

It would seem that Lin and Carol had decided to dispense with the formalities and adjourn to a suitable location for a fuck.

"Ours," I said. "Mine," I added hastily.

"Dirty sod," snickered Lin, linking arms with Pete and steering him in the appropriate direction.

Diverted by the sight of her slightly muscular calves tensing under their black fishnet as she strode away with her four inch heels clicking on the pavement, I initially failed to see the significance of this remark. Lin and Carol shared a flat with two of their colleagues, and we'd suffered an attack of coitus interruptus the last time we went there, so that was out. Pete's place had two bedrooms but the atmosphere left something to be desired because it was over a fish and chip shop, and it was further away than my tastefully decorated bachelor's studio apartment. Pete naturally insisted on calling it a bed-sitter, the ignorant slob. All right, so the bed was in the sitting room, but it had a separate kitchen and a bathroom, didn't it? Ah, that was it. Lin obviously thought the orgiastic connotations of us all being in the same room gave me some sort of thrill! I opened my mouth to protest my innocence, but she and Pete were almost out of earshot by now and it wasn't the sort of thing you could shout up the road.

"Come on," said Carol, grabbing my arm. "The first ones there get the bed."

It would have been undignified to turn it into a race, so I slowed to a stroll and allowed Pete and Lin to stake their claim.

"Dirty sod," chuckled Carol.

Bloody hell, couldn't a bloke be charitable without being accused of having ulterior motives?

"I don't know what you mean."

"You like watching, don't you?"

"Not at all," I spluttered.

"Okay then, let's go for a walk until they're finished."

"Looks like rain," I said, shading my eyes against the setting sun. "And you haven't got a coat."

"True," she agreed.

Phew, that was close. Pete was the one with the slightly unusual inclinations, not me. I was simply hoping that the girls were liberated enough to share my favours between them, that was all. Carol was a slim blonde with a tight pussy and apple-sized tits, and Lin was a powerful brunette with a pair of thirty-eights and a cunt that

looked as if it might eat your cock for breakfast, so it was a perfectly natural desire on my part. It was hardly my fault the arrangement of the furniture meant I was forced to watch her ripe body in action, was it? Or even that I was getting a hard-on just thinking about it and wondering whether she'd bring Pete off prematurely like she did before. Mind you, she was wearing her uniform on that occasion. Most of it, anyway.

"Well," said Carol, eyeing my crotch as we made ourselves comfortable on the sofa. "You're obviously in the mood too. Or did the sight of Lin's tits do that to you?"

"Of course not," I said.

This was true. The sight of Lin's tits wallowing as her bra twanged across the room only made my cock a bit

I was simply hoping that the girls were liberated enough to share my favours between them, that was all...

harder than it was already. It was seeing her writhing around the bed in nothing but her suspenders and fishnet stockings that really strained my pants. It would have been petty to complain about the stiletto heels digging into my duvet.

"Ooh," I moaned when she parted her legs and I caught a glimpse of dark undergrowth that couldn't hide her swollen pussy despite its density. She raised a knee to reveal the even more intimate curls that extended right down between her cheeks, and Pete spoiled the view by grabbing a handful. Inconsiderate git.

"I thought you didn't get a kick out of watching?" accused Carol.

"Sorry, did you say something?" I turned my head politely towards her, but my eyes seemed to stay behind. You couldn't blame them. Pete had apparently decided a certain amount of skilful foreplay might redress the imbalance in staying power, and Lin was heaving at the hand whose fingers he was curling into her squishy slot. You want to know how I knew it was squishy? I could hear it squishing, that's how. Given the girls' nonsense-let's-get-on-with-it attitude, I strongly suspected it was a little bit squishy before they started, but that's neither here nor there. The important thing was that I could see daylight under Lin's clenching bum, and I was hoping she'd unclench it the next time

she heaved so I could see exactly how far those dark curls went. Not that I was taking all that much notice, you understand.

"That's quite an impressive erection," Carol observed when Lin whipped Pete's cock out and started playing with it. "Let's see if you can match it."

"Careful," I squeaked as my knob

Carol was a slim blonde with a tight pussy and apple-sized tits, and Lin was a powerful brunette with a pair of thirty-eights

grated dangerously on my zip.

"Not bad," said Carol, giving my throbbing shaft a squeeze while simultaneously parting her legs and shoving my hand up her skirt. "Here, get hold of this." Get hold of this?

"Charming expressions you use," I mumbled, obliging her by massaging her hot crotch through her panties. "Whatever happened to the noble art of seduction?"

"What do you want, flowers and a box of chocolates?" she hissed, yanking her knickers aside and locating my middle digit at the entrance to her snug orifice. "Ahh, that's nice. Here, give me another finger. That's it. Yes, that's better."

My arm started pumping gently between her thighs, and she sighed in appreciation. Not that I was doing anything. She was holding my wrist and doing it herself.

"A little harder," she panted, doing it a little harder. I wouldn't have minded her doing it a little harder to me, but since she was stretching her knickers aside with the hand she'd been doing it to me with she wasn't doing it to me at all.

"Ahem," I said politely, slapping my rigid organ against a fishnet stocking and liking the sensation so much that I had a sneaky rub.

"Oh, if you insist," she sighed. "I'd better take my panties off."

"If you insist," I mumbled.

The obstacle removed and her skirt hoisted around her hips, she sat down again, and it became a mutual wanking session. Very decent of her, I thought. Then I thought something else. I wasn't the only one getting a kick out of watching Lin and Pete getting down to it, was I? Let me rephrase that. I wasn't getting a kick out of it at all, as you know. But Carol was. Licking her lips, she was studying every move and even shifting her head from side to side for a better view. Now I'd seen everything! No, I hadn't.

"What the fucking hell's going on?" complained Pete. My sentiments precisely, and I frowned questioningly at Carol.

"She's getting a condom out of her bag, that's all," she shrugged.

"Oh," I said.

"Oh," said Pete, clearly wondering why she wasn't leaving it to him.

"What...what's that?" I whispered hoarsely. Pete looked as if he was trying to ask the same thing, but he couldn't get the words out. "It looks like a surgical glove with no fingers!"

"It's a female condom," explained Carol. "They're new. A medical rep gave us some samples."

"A female...a female...? Are you all right, Pete?" He didn't look it, even though he nodded. What's the word I'm looking for? Ashen. Yes, that's it. Pete looked ashen.

"Now," said Lin, rolling him onto his back when the aforementioned article had been inserted in her person. "This way round, I think."

When she said "this way round" she was referring to the way she'd decided to face, not to the fact that she was getting on top of things.

Carol smiled happily and rammed herself with my fingers, and Lin smiled back at her as she took aim with Pete's hampton and carefully lowered herself onto it. All we could see of him was his feet and legs, and since he couldn't even reach her tits without straining something, he had to content himself with lying on his back and

"Ooh," I moaned when she parted her legs and I caught a glimpse of dark undergrowth that couldn't hide her swollen pussy despite its density.

holding onto her hips as she started bouncing on him.

"How does it feel?" Carol enquired.

"Not quite enough friction," Lin gasped, controlling her madly-swaying tits with her own hands as she tried to remedy the lack of rub.

"How does it feel, Pete?" I asked, making some sort of point even though I wasn't quite sure what it was. "N...n...nice," he puffed. "In...in...in..." He'd got that wrong, hadn't he? Shouldn't it have been in-out-in-out?

"In...in...in fact," he finally managed. "I think I'm..."

"You're not!" squealed Lin. "Sod it, I'm only halfway there!"

Pete's toes curled and there was a series of pig-like grunts from behind Lin, who was desperately massaging her clit in a doomed attempt to catch up. The satisfied male sigh and the unsatisfied female snarl told their own story, but Lin kept humping until there was very little left to hump. What was there was finally plopped out of her and lay there all forlorn and shrinking, and Lin said something very unlady-like which I won't repeat.

"Why don't you fuck him," suggested Carol, jutting a thumb in my direction. I couldn't have put it better myself. On second thoughts, perhaps I could.

"What about you?" panted Lin.

"I don't mind at all. I'm feeling a bit lazy, so I'll just sit here and have a rub. Maybe he can get it up again later if I'm in the mood."

Removing my fingers, she replaced them with her own, raising one knee almost to her chin and wrapping her arm around her fishnet-clad limb to keep it there.

"Come on, then," said Lin, unstraddling Pete and rolling him off the bed. Being Pete, he'd already begun to drop off in a different way entirely, and he opened his eyes in shock about halfway to the floor. Which was far too late. There was a crash and a howl of pain, but that was good quality carpet, so he wasn't as unconscious as he was pretending to be while Lin changed condoms. Whether she was doing it for my benefit or because she wanted to see if it was intact, I couldn't say. But I have my suspicions.

"Now look," I began. "I'm not at all sure..."

"This is no time for polite conversation," growled Lin, dragging my pants off and pinning me to the bed.

I refused to submit to this indignity without a struggle, and she was forced to adopt a slightly-modified missionary position, the slight modification being that she was on top.

Interesting technique, that. I suppose an engineer could explain it, but a woman thrusting her pelvis at a man doesn't have quite the same effect as the other way around, and she made a further slight modification to the motion itself. It became a sort of up-and-down slide that forced the tits squashed against my chest upwards on the downwards stroke and downwards on the upwards stroke, and I dragged my eyes away from them before they sent me into a trance and let my head fall onto the pillow. I now felt able to take a more active part in the affair, and I dug my hands into Lin's generous arse and started humping back at her.

"You're ruining my rhythm," she gasped. "Keep still, for heaven's sake!" Then she started pounding at me like a steam hammer with a jammed safety valve, and this time she got it right.

Carol gave my throbbing shaft a squeeze while simultaneously parting her legs and shoving my hand up her skirt

Her cheeks tightened in my hands, and her pussy rippled around my jerking cock. I half expected her to climb off me and fall asleep afterwards, but she didn't.

"Phew," she sighed at last, making for the bathroom with two soggy bits of plastic. "I'd better get rid of these."

She couldn't, of course. Whatever else may change, flushing used condoms down the toilet is men's work. ●

WOLFE



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Carolyn, 34-22-35, Edinburgh. Carolyn is married, but also has two regular lovers, "Sex is a full-time hobby for my husband and myself - we've acted out a lot of our fantasies, and we enjoy having plenty of people joining in with us."

WorldM

continued from page 12

her bum towards Alan's face and she wiggled and moved herself before him.

Agnes was really enjoying herself, handling this lad's cock and kept saying that she could do with this herself and it put her hubby's to shame.

Celia bent lower and moved backwards and told Alan to enjoy the view as he had been breaking his neck to look up her skirt. Suddenly his cock erupted and thick creamy spunk splattered over my wife's tight nylon knickers, and again another jet splattered on the back of her thighs as Agnes' pumping hand drained the lad's cock empty.

Alan quickly ran off the bus trying to pack his cock away as she stumbled and staggered to the men's room.

Celia cannot understand how some men find tight a turn off. She says that with tighties you can wear much shorter skirts than with stockings and that the sight of knickers covered with stretched nylon is sexy and smoother to touch.

Anyway, she hopes you will publish her snaps and maybe your readers can judge for themselves whether they think tighties can be sexy or not.

Celia reckons that at 45 years old she is past it for appearing in *Escort*, but I hope you can prove her

wrong and make her day! P., Notts.

We reckon Celia knows very well shes not past it for appearing here or anywhere else xxxxxxxx Julia

Hot stuff

My girlfriend and I are both raving sex maniacs and love experimenting with sex.

With the weather being too hot to stay indoors, one day we packed a picnic and set off towards the country.

After finding a remote place in a field we settled down for our snack. Zoe was wearing a short dress with skimpy lace knickers which kept flashing every time she moved, giving me an erection at the thought of that hot sweaty body.

After eating our meal, **I dipped my fingers into a tub of chocolate spread and smeared it over her mouth and around her lips and started to lick it off with my tongue.** She obviously felt turned on by this because she undid the first few buttons of her dress, exposing her gorgeous erect brown breasts. She told me to smear it over her tits and she lay back and let me delve my tongue into her cleavage. I then grabbed her hips and yanked down her wet knickers, parting her legs to get



a good view of her glistening pussy.

With that she parted her wet lips and begged me to taste her juices.

First of all I smeared the runny chocolate over her clit and watched it trickle down, mingling with her

entered her, her back arching with ecstasy, her legs wrapping tightly around me. We fucked for another hour, then collapsed, soaking in the sun. A., Wilts.

...well anyone would wilt after that! xJ



juices to her gaping opening. Then I knelt down, ramming my tongue into her walls, sucking her pink flesh until I bought her off.

By now, Zoe was hot for it and I couldn't resist fucking that sticky body any longer and with that I inserted my throbbing cock and we fucked each other senseless, our sweaty bodies rolling in the long grass. As I reached my peak, she begged me to come over her tits. As she started to rub my juices into her tits she told me she wanted to taste me, and with this she took hold of my cock and wrapped her tongue around it, to bring me back to my full splendour.

One of her hands then travelled down to her wet mound and started stroking her clit. The sight of this immediately made me hard again. I parted her legs and

Sue and Bob two

We have been regular readers of this great mag for about six years and we love reading the letters and looking at the photos. My wife and I have only had one experience up to date, and I thought your readers might like to hear about it. Sue is 37 with a lovely 34-26-36 figure. I have enclosed a couple of photos which we will be thrilled to see in print.

It was the last night of our holiday in East Anglia, and Sue, dressed sexily in a short black mini dress, with black stockings. We went into a pub and Sue sat on a bar stool. There was a guy standing at the bar, and he couldn't keep his eyes off Sue, and the way Sue kept crossing and uncrossing her legs, she







Tazu, 33-24-36, 19, Somerset. Tazu is Malasian, and works as a maid for a family in Somerset. "No boyfriend yet," she told us wistfully.



Tazu

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readers' letters

continued from page 32



was making sure he had a good view of her lovely legs, and stocking-tops. We started chatting, his name was Bob and he was having a couple of drinks, because his wife had taken their kids to see her mother, who lived in Devon, and they were stopping there

over the weekend. Bob had to stay at home because of his work. We had another drink and the talk got round to sexy videos. Bob said he had a few at home and we could go and watch them if we liked.

We watched one film, and the second one was

Sue's favourite fantasy – two guys and one girl. After about ten minutes **Sue pulled her dress up round her waist and slid her hand down the front of her knickers, and slowly started to rub her cunt,** which I knew would be soaked with her juices. She turned to me and said she wanted a fucking. I told her Bob did too. He was sitting there with his prick in his hand, slowly rubbing it up and down, looking across at Sue. She slipped her knickers off, stood up, unfastened her dress and let it fall on the floor. She stepped out of it and slowly walked over to Bob in just her stockings and suspenders. Sue sat astride Bob, took his stiff prick in her hand, guided it to her cunt and sat down on the full length. Watching this, my own prick was busting to get out of my pants so I took them off. Sue was riding up and down on Bob's prick as if she had never been fucked before, and after about five minutes, Sue began to moan and I knew she was coming. **As she came, Bob had hold of her by the hips and he thrust himself into her as far as possible** and his body went rigid. I knew he was shooting his spunk into Sue. I went up behind Sue, lifted her off Bob's prick, pushed her forward and slid my prick into her hot wet cunt. I am usually a long stayer, and I don't know if it was the feeling of her hot spunk filled cunt, or the fact that she was French kissing Bob, but after about three minutes, I was adding my spunk to Bob's.

We stayed the night and Sue lived out her fantasy with Bob fucking her from behind, whilst she sucked my prick. Then we changed places and I fucked her whilst she was sucking Bob's prick. After a while we fell asleep, and I remember half waking in the early hours of the morning. I could see Sue on her back moaning, and Bob on top fucking her, but I was half asleep, and fell asleep again with the rocking of the bed.

In the morning Sue was feeling a bit sore, from all the fucking she had received, so she started to

suck Bob's prick. I watched and started to wank myself. I was getting past the point of now return, when Bob shot his spunk into Sue's mouth. She came over to me, took my head between her hands and our open mouths met. Sue had still got Bob's spunk in her mouth, and we had a spunky French kiss, coating both our tongues with Bob's spunk. It was so erotic my balls seemed to explode, and I had one of the strongest comes I have had in a long time.

We left our address with Bob and returned home. Imagine our surprise when three weeks later, we received a letter. The first thing I saw when I opened it was two photos of a lovely slim dark haired girl, naked on the bed with her legs wide open and a cheeky smile on her face. It was Debbie, Bob's wife. In the letter Bob said when his wife returned home, he had confessed what had happened between us, and instead of being angry, Debbie dragged him upstairs and fucked him dry, also asking us to come down one weekend with them as soon as possible, as Debbie wanted to get in on the fun. We are going down to visit them in two weeks time, and we hope it is going to be the start of a long and happy friendship. M., Yorks.



World

show us YOURS

... and we pay you
£20 for every pic
we print!

WELL-OILED

N. from Bristol writes: "Our favourite experience was me, Miranda and her friend Fiona spending a weekend in bed with a large bottle of baby oil..." Miranda is 25, and 36-25-36.



NAVY BLUE

Steven from the Navy says his girlfriend Sarah's desire is: "...to be videoed making love to two very big blokes." Sara is 24, and 36-24-36.



MODELLING JOB

Nadine is an ex-Aussie living in Hants with her hubs Simon. She's 24, and 36-25-36. "My ambition" she says. "is to fuck the world's highest-paid male model while my husband watches."

CAPE COVER

"My girlfriend Kirsty and I had it off on Skytrain in broad daylight, using her cape as a cover," writes Eddy from Canada. Kirsty is 22, and 34-24-32.



PLAY GIRL

"Diane would love to be fucked by two men at the same time," says Keith from Aberdeen. "She likes to play with herself, and to be screwed from the rear." Diane is 20, and 34-24-36.



ALL ABOUT JUNE

"My girlfriend June loves showing her pussy and boobs in the car when other cars are passing," says B. from Gwent. "She does not wear any underwear, and likes to make love doggy-fashion on the beach." June is 46, and 34-24-35.



SEX ALL OVER

"Sacha loves to dress up then have sex all over the house," says her boyfriend Michael from Leicester. "She loves to go out in her thigh-boots - that really turns me on!" Sacha is from Kettering, she's 32, and 36-25-36.

DIANE

28-year-old Mrs Diane from Bucks (40-36-39) likes motor bikes, her husband, and wants: "...two men at the same time."



STELLA

Stella from Bradford is 24, 36-24-36, and beyond that – you'll have to use your imaginations!





KATHRYN

David from South London took these of his wife Kathryn (26, and 37-24-36), and writes: "...she is an exhibitionist who gets really wet knowing that her body is on show. She wants fucking in every position, and we are looking to screw in every British Rail station on the South East network, and she would orgasm when the readers take their hard cocks and wet fannies in hand..."



WHAT ABOUT JILL?

Jill from Wakefield measures 38-26-36, is 34 - and the rest is silence...

WorldM

my sexual fantasy

SLUTZ 'N SLITZ

For Wanton Women Who Love to Spread their Legs

Right, girls! Jettison the job! Drop the dishes! Put your feet up and get your fingers down your knicks for the raunchiest read you've ever had!

S'nS is the first women's magazine for seriously sexy ladies – girls who love tingling clits and throbbing dicks – and getting them together as often as possible!

We bring you randy suggestions, erotic experiences and the sexiest men alive, stripped and ready for action – and we mean full-frontal and fully erect!

Not only do they tell, in clit-licking detail, what they love to do with lovers, they show us, too – courtesy of the month's wanton woman volunteer!

Run your eyes down this month's pussy-wetting parade of features, and we defy you not to feel a tingle. You might even share the fun with your feller. After all, S'nS is the mag that pulls puddens not punches!

- TRUELIFE TURN-ONS:** My husband lets me bonk my boyfriend in front of him
- SPUNK HUNKS SPECTACULAR:** Does your feller measure up to these spurting superstuds? (Gals, these guys'll really stretch your imagination!)
- TWO-WAY TEASE:** The amateur models who like lensmen to wank as they pose
- TEN WAYS TO CHEAT AND MAKE YOUR HUSBAND LOVE IT**

PLUS!

- FUCK THIS FOR A LARK!** Pussy-wetting Polaroids of your hubbies' prize hard-ons.
- CUMMMING THEIR WAY:** Four randy readers show how they rub themselves off.
- CONJUGAL COCK-UPS:** Happy snaps of you and your feller on the job!

AND!

- HAND-PICKING THE HARD-ON:** Reader of the Month Hannah chooses her dream dick from our standing army of stiffies. Then we photograph her enjoying the fuck of her filthiest fantasies!

That's right!

•S'nS's EXCLUSIVE FUCK FOTO CENTREFOLD shows couples doing what they like best – coupling!

•SEE OUR SENSATIONAL SUPER-STUDS GET IT OUT, GET IT UP AND GET IT IN!

Remember girls – order S'nS for the sexiest men with the dreamiest dicks. They're stiff, they're hard and they're bursting to spurt! You don't know how horny you can get until you read SLUTZ 'N SLITZ!

IS YOUR FELLER A SPUNK HUNK?

If your husband or boyfriend is aged between 18 and 45, well-built with a nice, meaty cock, don't keep him to yourself! He could well be an S'nS Spunk Hunk. Tell your favourite feller not to hide his light under a bushel (or a clean pair of jockey shorts!). Get out the Polaroid and send us some snaps.

Your guy ought to be fully nude and at least one pic must show that gorgeous prick of us as big and stiff as he can get it. (One close-up would be nice). So give him a hand to make that stand! *Please note:* a pre-requisite for all male and female models who carry out photographic modelling services for Slutz 'n Slitz magazine is a willingness to appear fully nude and in positions of physical intimacy with members of the opposite sex, up to and including the complete sexual act – both simulated and actual. Demonstrations of oral sex and masturbation (by male and female) may also be required. Models of either sex must also be willing to display their





genitalia in a state of arousal, and, in the case of males, to proceed to a sexual climax with visible ejaculation, as and when required by the supervising photographer or other authorised member of S'nS's editorial staff.

Dear S'nS:

I had to write to tell you how much I enjoyed Mark Smith's pictures in your last issue. He's not just got the kind of little-boy-lost looks that always turn me on, as well as a gorgeous body (especially those legs and the neat round bum!) – but what must be my dream dick!

I don't often regard men's penises as beautiful (except my hubby's and perhaps one previous boyfriend's), but it's the only way I can describe Mark's sensational 'equipment'.

It's so wonderfully smooth and sleek-looking with a lovely gentle curve to it. You can tell I'm not a knobby knob fan! It's also a perfect size – not small, but not a 'whopper', either. Just right for a five feet two inch lady like me.

As soon as I saw Mark in all his glory I had to nip into the loo at work and take a quick, fifteen minute vibrator break Will you let him know he's made one woman extremely happy.

I'd like to congratulate you, too, for being the first women's mag to have the courage to show nude men with erections. I can only imagine it was male fear of looking 'small' that stopped this happening years ago.

Luckily my husband supports me completely in this. In fact, some of most exciting sessions in bed are when I spread out my favourite S'nS hunks on the pillow and stick my bottom in the air so my husband can stroke me and lick me and finally make love to me from behind while I'm fantasising about my 'dream dicks'! Mrs S.M., Dorking.

Dear S'nS:

Thanks for the randiest read of my life!

I have to say when I first heard what was in S'nS I thought it was just

porn, which normally doesn't interest me at all. I mean – photographs of men masturbating, pictures of penises ejaculating huge amounts of sperm and, what seemed most disgusting to me, photos of couples actually having sexual intercourse – and reveling in the fact that they were committing adultery in public! Surely any woman who'd do that would have to be a slut?

Then a friend gave me a copy (isn't that what they all say!). Looking through it, I was shocked – I think any women like me, who has only had a good look at three full-sized erections in all her 28 years, would be. I was also extremely curious.

I counted twelve different erections and over fifty pictures of naked men showing their penises in a limp or semi-erect state – quadrupling my experience of men in one go!

All the pictures were very rude, but, with a few exceptions, I can't honestly say I found them disgusting. One in particular, which captured the look on 23-year-old Terry Steen's face literally as the sperm was spurting out of his penis, was quite beautiful – I never thought I'd said that about a 'dirty' photo!

What did make me feel uneasy was the centrespread section featuring the couple. Twenty-one-year-old Rosanna Jones is a very pretty girl with a fantastic figure, and Tom Hicks, the model she posed with, is the kind of rugged, muscular type I know a lot of women go for, but I don't know how she coped with such an enormous penis! My husband is actually a bit of a 'thickie' himself, so I know what I'm talking about. But Mr Hicks seemed to be as well-endowed with length as he was in breadth.

In some of the pictures Rosanna's poor little pussy looked distinctly overstretched. I can't believe she didn't feel some discomfort, especially when posing for the shots that clearly showed Mr Hicks 'hilt-deep' in her vagina.

What I did find sad, though, was that a girl who's only been married a year, should be so keen to pose for pictures like this – even though her husband gave her every encouragement and apparently attended the photo session.

To my mind this was only made worse by Rosanna saying that she had no less than three orgasms as she was posing (I'm not doubting her – that extraordinary centrespread picture where she is sitting astride Tom Hicks clearly shows her having a very intense climax).

But I just wonder what her husband feels reading, 'It's the first time I've come just with someone humping me. It was the most mind-blowingly sexual experience I've ever had. Tom was wonderful – I don't know he held back for so long. My husband's going to have a lot to live up to after this!'

The whole set of pictures, though, was extremely erotic. But perhaps next time you could feature a married couple, or a boyfriend and girlfriend. Joanna, Peterborough.

Dear S'nS:

What an achievement! After 15 years of marriage with my wife refusing to let me bring 'filth' (i.e. any men's magazine) into the house she buys a copy of S'nS in the newsagents, slaps down last month's 'Let's do it in the road' photo feature, says, 'Do that to me!' and starts pulling her clothes off!

If I had shown her pictures of an attractive, big-bosomed, very curvy woman of 36 (my wife's age) stark naked on all fours in the middle of a country lane, being fucked rigid from behind by a 22-year-old guy with a prick the size of our rolling pin, she'd have thrown me out.

There's clearly no justice, but, as the wife and I then had a fantastic fuck in the middle of our living room carpet, who cares? Barry, Doncaster.

'I've heard so much about naughty magazines for women recently,' writes 26-year-old Ros from York, 'I decided to dream up my own. If anyone wants to do one like this for real, put me down as the first Randy Reader!'

Twenty-nine-year-old Nathalie from Chatham was also inspired by recent events: 'I saw a film on TV recently about the black dancer Josephine Baker, who created a sensation in the thirties with her "banana dance". Apparently she was topless in it and it was very erotic.

The idea of being a stripper has always turned me on, so I imagine doing a banana dance for the nineties!'

'I perform with boy dancers, like Josephine Baker did. There are four of them – all dazzlingly handsome with superb bodies! – wearing these tiny little thongs that barely cover their



whatsits. I come on in a very elaborate and colourful costume – lots of feathers!

'As we dance, the boys gradually peel off my clothes – right down to bra, knickers, suspender belt, stockings and high heels. Then they take off my bra – one to each cup. Then two more take each side of my sequined knickers and draw them down my thighs, inch by inch.

'Underneath I'm wearing only the tiniest G-string – virtually an inch-wide, white ribbon. It's just enough to cover my crack, but not my pussy hair which spills out all dark and curly on either side.

'There's lots of physical contact as we dance – masses of fondling and stroking and writhing up against each other. It's all properly choreographed, but it's all done to look as if the fellows can't keep their hands off my boobs or my bottom – and the odd hand occasionally slides between my legs.

'And the boys start getting bumps in their thongs, which gradually begin to stretch and grow. It's not done obviously, but by the time I'm topless most of them have their thongs sticking straight out in front of them. The audience have noticed, too, and it's definitely added to the "buzz".

'As I stand up straight for the two boys to smooth down my knickers, I quietly let one hand slip down between the legs of the boy on my left and gently fondle his bulge. Then I reach for the boy on my right.

'He's much more excited than his companion – in fact his penis is more or less fully erect, stretching the silvery material of his thong into a sort of sequined condom!

'Of course, my fingers slip straight round that and give him a soft squeeze – incidentally feeling how beautifully stiff and hard he is! But, as I do, his penis jerks and suddenly pops out the side of his thong!

'Suddenly it's sticking up against his navel – stiff and fat and very big. There's an instant gasp from the audi-

ence. They obviously didn't think we'd go this far. And, to make it seem even ruder, I act quite shocked, as if I didn't expect the dancer to get in such a state.

'But he doesn't try to cover himself up again. Instead he just tugs at the back and the thong falls off, leaving him completely nude, and he goes on dancing with his enormous erection waving about in front of him.

'Then, one by one, as the other dancers whirl past me, I tug at their thongs and they fall off, too, until I'm surrounded by four naked men, all magnificently erect.

'Meanwhile, I, of course, have one vital part still hidden, and this seems to inflame the dancer who first got completely stiff. As we dance, he begins to fondle me more and more, squeezing and trying to kiss my boobs – gliding up behind me and bumping his great hard-on between the cheeks of my bottom. Naturally I twist away and scowl at him!

'But this only makes him worse. At one point we're dancing face to face, our bodies swaying together so that the thick, round tip of his erection keeps brushing my tummy. Suddenly he seems to crack.

'He grabs me round the waist, tearing off my G-string with one hand, groping me between the legs and burying his face in my breasts, kissing and licking my stiffened nipples.

'It's part of the act, of course, so I only pretend to reel back in shock. The other boys instantly drag the dancer off me and hold him by the arms, while he writhes and struggles between them, still desperate to have his wicked way with me.

'That's when I break into a knowing smile and have my equally wicked "revenge". Of course, I'm now as nude as the boys are, except for my suspender and stockings.

'I dance towards my would-be "ravisher", grinning and wobbling my boobs at him to drive him wild. As I get up close, he strains towards me, but the others hold him fast, and I

always swerve away the instant before our bodies touch.

'Then I go up really close, gazing into his face, until his penis just touches my stomach. I began to squirm my body, slowly and gently, from side and side, and up and down, so the glans of his penis slides backwards and forwards and round and round against my warm flesh with just enough pressure to tease.

'The dancer's eyes close in ecstasy, his mouth gapes, I feel the throbbing heat of his cock against my skin, but I'm merciless! I don't stop.

'Instead I slowly sink to my knees, letting the dancer's cock gradually move up my body until it's butting the underside of one boob. Feeling it, he grunts and his whole shaft jerks.

'Then I wriggle so his cock suddenly slots into my cleavage, his knob sticking up right under my chin. Grinning up at him, I cup my boobs and push them together, closing them over his shaft. Then I gently writhe, letting his shaft rise and fall in my cleavage, softly pumping his prick between my boobs.

'His mouth stretches wide in a silent wail of agonised pleasure. Just when it seems he can't bear any more, I stick out my tongue, dip my head and draw my tongue slowly across the hot, fat tip of his erection – first up and down, then from side to side.

'That's when he really cracks. He gives a loud groan – much louder than the music – and suddenly his penis seems to explode.

'I gasp as a great wad of sperm, so thick it almost seems solid, catches me under my chin. Then I jerk back so the audience can see his great cock twitching and pumping – his second spurt shooting almost six feet across the stage.

'As his squirts get less powerful, I lean forward again, holding up my boobs so that the last dribbles splash into my cleavage, joining the slow, sticky streams already trickling down my tummy and into my pussy hair. Then I blow him a kiss and gently massage his warm goo into my nipples – naturally the audience goes wild!

'But if I want to be really filthy, I finish my act surrounded by all four naked dancers – one on either side of me, one in front and one at the back. Each one hooks his erection under my suspender belt and I dance between them. I keep my feet on the same spot, but my body sways backwards and forwards, and side to side, so that all four hard-ons gently rub against my flesh.

'Of course, it only takes one to lose control and send a great splash of sperm up my body, then all of them let fly, and suddenly I'm dancing in this living fountain of stiff, spurting penises! If the thought of that doesn't bring me off, nothing will! ●



CLAUDIA



Claudia, 34-23-36, 20, Berkshire. Very occasionally a woman appears in *Escort* who owns her own horse – and here's one: "Riding gives you loads of pleasure, lots of rosettes and ribbons, and a firm arse and taut inner thighs."





CLAUDIA







LOLA
Lola, 41-28-42, 23, East London. Lola works for a City solicitor: "All week I'm done up in high heels and business suits - so I really look forward to loosening up at the weekend..."



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LOLA

readers' letters

continued from page 36

Kathy

My wife and I have decided to try to get our pictures published again. We have enclosed some photos of my wife, Kathy, who has appeared in your magazine before. It always excites her to know she is being viewed by millions of your readers. We hope you will

ice I came back to find both men feeling her up and Kathy sucking on their cocks.

It was great, **I instantly got hard as I watched them take her clothes off and begin making love to my wife.** I watched them fuck her in every position possible and one of them shot his cum all over her

bits and then smeared it all over her chest.

When he did that I walked over to the bed and slipped my cock into her pussy as she sucked on the other guy's cock. It wasn't long before I exploded into her. We must have fucked for about two hours. She couldn't get enough! They left at 4 a.m. after giving Kathy the best fucking she had ever had. It was certainly a great Hawaiian holiday!

Kathy, as you can tell, loves to pose for the camera! J., California.



Well met

I met a woman in a pub who invited me back to her place. When we got there things quickly progressed to sex. After a while she got up and went through to the bedroom telling me to wait.

When she reappeared she was dressed in a white teddy, suspenders, high heels with shiny stockings and a short fur coat. She said she got a real kick out of dressing up and like to go to charity shops to pick up items for her outfits. She had got a nice silver leather belt and some beads for this one, along with the coat and shoes.

I always carry a camera in the car and asked if she'd let me take some photos. She said yes and put on a silver mask which made her look very sexy and mysterious. After I'd taken some pics including some of them using her vibrator, **I knelt on the bed with her head between my legs and leaning forward parted her cunt lips to lick her wet pussy.** At the same time she took hold of my stiff cock and sucked it greedily, pulling it back towards her mouth. It wasn't long until we both came, my spunk shooting into her mouth as I nibbled her cunt and clitoris. After a short rest she brought me back to life and I ended up screwing her from behind as she lay flat out on the bed and I crouched above her thrusting deep into her wet cunt. G., Aberdeen. ●



print them as it is a tremendous turn on for her.

She loves threesomes and foursomes and loves to have her big tits felt. Her best experience was when we met two blokes at our hotel in Hawaii. She invited them back to our room for drinks, and when I went down the hall to get some

